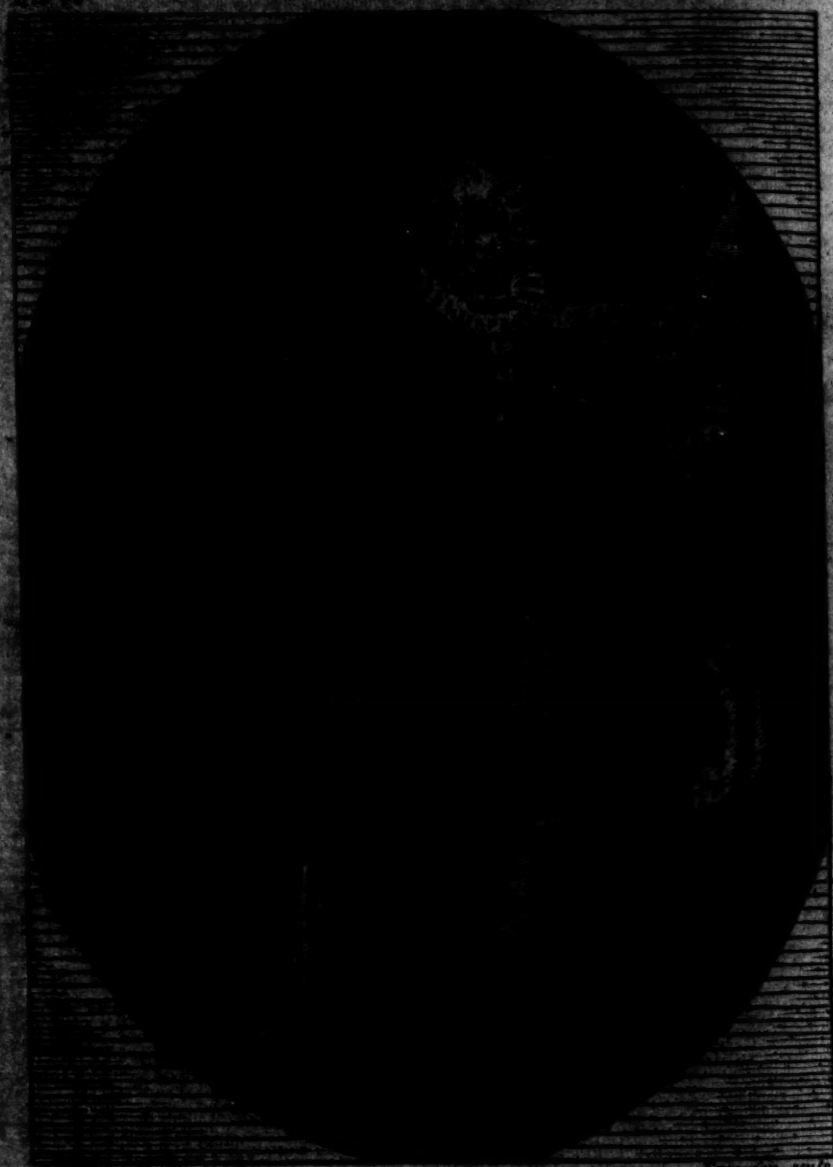


THE WONDER



By John Jones

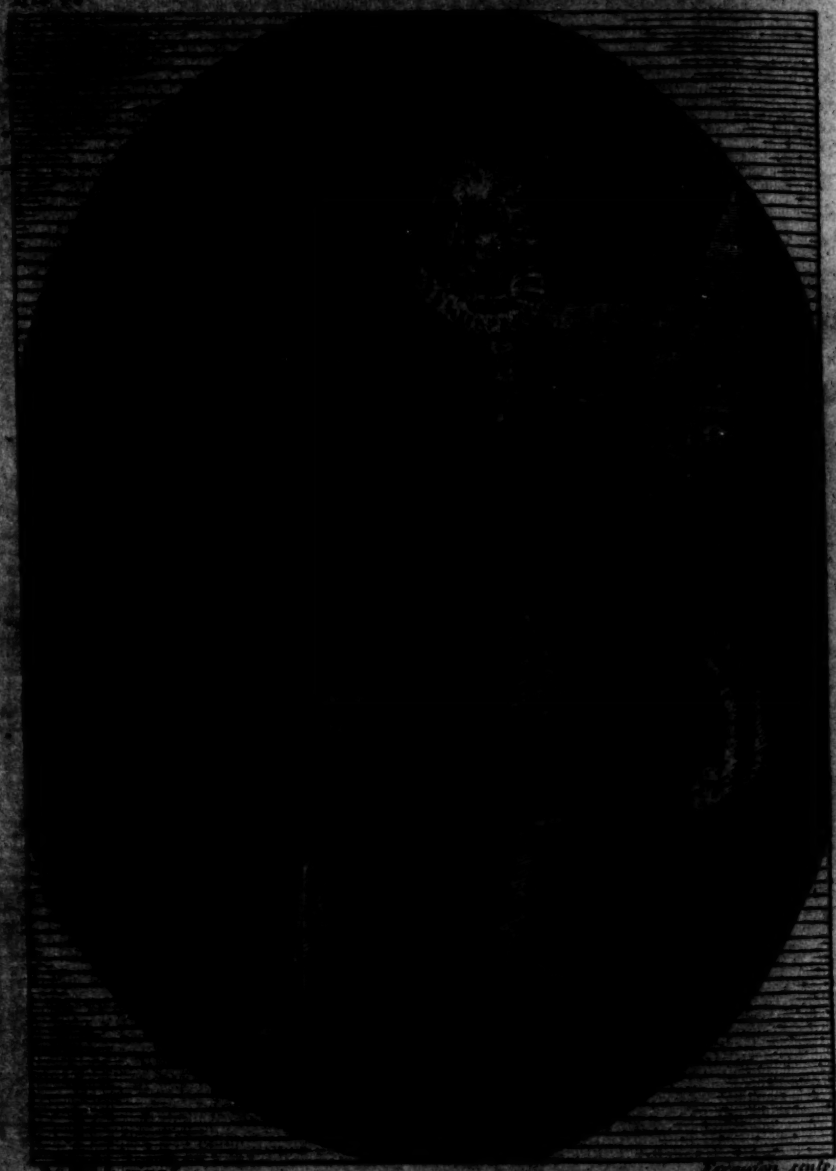
Engraved by J. G. Jones

M. DIMOND as DON FELIX.

Either my eye deceived me, or I saw a man within.

Dublin Published by W. Jones, N^o 45 Dame-Street.

THE WONDER



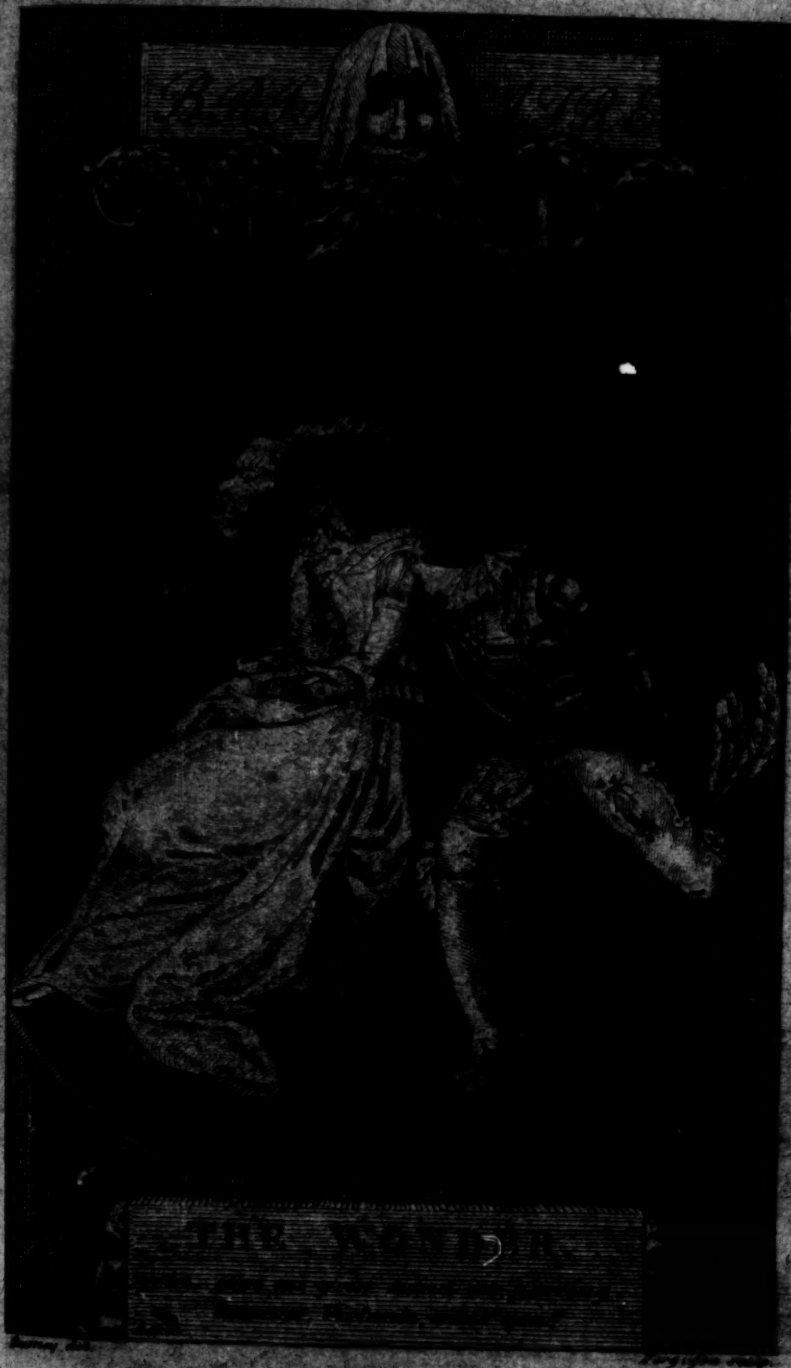
By which you

Perceive only

M. DIMOND as DON FELIX.

Either my eye deceived me, or I see a man within.

Dublin Published by W Jones, N° 66 Dame-Street.



Printed and Published by W. Jones, at the 'Three Bells' Press, No. 1, St. James's Street, Dublin.



THE WONDER
A
WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET!

A
COMEDY.

CARROLL, *of Harrods*
BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY J. CHAMBERS,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCIV.

THE WONDER

WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET

COMEDY

BY MISS C. M. L. L.



REPRINTED FROM THE MONTHLY

BY J. M. L.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER LITERARY AND ARTS CATALOGUE

PRINTED BY J. CHAMBERLAIN

FOR WILLIAM JOHNSON, 25, DARTMOUTH STREET

LONDON

THE WONDER.

SECRESY and the sex are proverbially disunited.—In the cause of gallantry however, their silence has been seldom disputed. Upon the single exertion of that prudent quality Mrs. GENTLEMAN has built the present play. Whether the ladies take the implication in the title kindly or not, their value for the ingenious Author may demonstrate.

The WONDER is clearly the most entertaining play built upon the domestic Caution and irrational Jealousy, which so long marked the Spanish Character. The character of Don FELIX is in the highest degree natural and pleasing—His quick succession of doubts and tenderness—His angry departure, merely to return more enslaved—His ready sensibility and impatience of affront—are not peculiarly national and local; they are the feelings of most men in situations any way similar.

The lower Characters of the Play are natural, and constructed with much knowledge of Stage Effect.—The Theatre has, perhaps, few pieces which so completely can be considered as the freeholds of Dramatic fame.

PROLOGUE.

*OUR Author fears the critics of the stage,
Who, like barbarians, spare nor sex nor age;
She trembles at those censors in the pit,
Who think good-nature shews a want of wit.
Such malice, Oh! what Muse can undergo it?
To save themselves, they always damn the poet.
Our author flies from such a partial jury,
As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid judges for a smile
She humbly sues to recompense her toil;
To the bright circle of the fair she next
Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplexed.
Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel
As to those judges who her frailties feel?
A few mistakes her sex may well excuse,
And such a plea no woman should refuse:
If she succeeds, a woman gains applause;
What female but must favour such a cause?
Her faults—whate'er they are—e'en pass 'em by,
And only on her beauties fix your eye.
In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,
There's none so wise to know their destiny:
In this, howe'er, the pilot's skill appears,
While by the stars his constant course he steers:
Rightly our Author does her judgment shew,
That for her safety she relies on you.*

PROLOGUE.

v

*Your approbation, Fair Ones! can't but move
Those stubborn hearts which first you taught to love.
The men must all applaud this play of ours,
For who dare see with other eyes than yours?*

CONFIDENTIAL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Don LOPEZ, <i>a grandee of Portugal,</i>	-	Mr. Booth.
Don FELIX, <i>his son, in love with Violante,</i>	-	Mr. Lewis.
FREDERICK, <i>a merchant,</i>	-	Mr. Macready.
Don PEDRO, <i>father to Violante,</i>	-	Mr. Quick.
Colonel BRITON, <i>a Scotchman,</i>	-	Mr. Farren.
GIBBY, <i>his footman,</i>	-	Mr. Fearon.
LISSARDO, <i>footman to Felix,</i>	-	Mr. Ryder.

Women.

Donna VIOLANTE, <i>designed for a nun by</i>	}	Mrs. Pope.
<i>her father, in love with Felix,</i>		
Donna ISABELLA, <i>sister to Felix,</i>	-	Mrs. Lewis.
INIS, <i>her maid,</i>	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
FLORA, <i>maid to Donna Violante,</i>	-	Mrs. Rock.

Alguazil, attendants, servants, &c.

SCENE, Lisbon.

THE
W O N D E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter DON LOPEZ meeting FREDERICK.

Frederick.

My lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. How d'ye, Frederick?

Fred. At your lordship's service. I am glad to see you look so well, my lord. I hope Antonio's out of danger?

Lop. Quite contrary; his fever increases they tell me; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. Your son, Don Felix, is safe I hope.

Lop. I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went: I forbid him writing till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. "Your caution was good, my lord. Tho' I
"am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety
"is my chief concern. Fortune has maliciously

" struck a bar between us in the affairs of life, but
" she has done me the honour to unite our souls.

" *Lop.* I am not ignorant of the friendship be-
" tween my son and you : I have heard him com-
" mend your morals, and lament your want of no-
" ble birth.

" *Fred.* That's nature's fault, my lord. It is
" some comfort not to owe one's misfortunes to
" one's self; yet it is impossible not to regret the
" want of noble birth.

" *Lop.* 'Tis a pity indeed such excellent parts as
" you are master of, should be eclipsed by mean ex-
" traction.

" *Fred.* Such commendation would make me vain,
" my lord; did you not cast in the allay of my ex-
" traction.

" *Lop.* There's no condition of life without its
" cares, and it is the perfection of a man to wear
" 'em as easy as he can : this unfortunate duel of
" my son's does not pass without impression; but
" since it is past prevention, all my concern is now
" how he may escape the punishment." If Anto-
" nio dies, Felix shall for England. You have been
" there; what sort of people are the English?

" *Fred.* My lord, the English are by nature, what
" the ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous,
" bold, hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is
" the idol of the English, under whose banner all the
" nation lifts: give but the word for liberty, and
" straight more armed legions would appear, than
" France and Philip keep in constant pay.

Lop. I like their principles: who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? though common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not surely sacrifice the lovely Isabella to age, avarice, and a fool; pardon the expression, my lord, but my concern for your beautiful daughter, transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay your lordship's presence.

Lop. I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law, he is rich and well-born: as for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband, who is already possessed of a good estate.—A poor fool indeed is a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor wits in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of but the inside of their skulls. Now for Don Guzman, I know I can rule him as I think fit. This is acting the politick part, Frederick, without which, it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

Lop. There, I believe, you are pretty much in the right, though it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to enquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations! "I'll venture you a wager, that in all the garrison towns in Spain and Portugal during the late war, there was not three women who have not had an inclination for every officer in the whole army; does it therefore follow that their fathers ought to pimp for them? No, no, sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

Lop. Look ye, sir, I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives. Though I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel.—Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing but—

Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. [Exit.

Fred. Monstrous! these are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony.—He is rich and

well-born; powerful arguments indeed! could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix what might I not hope? But a merchant and a grandee of Spain are inconsistent names.—Lissardo! from whence came you?

Enter LISSARDO in a riding-habit.

Liss. That letter will inform you, sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe.

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver which requires haste.—Your most humble servant, sir.

[*Bowing.*]

Fred. To Violante, I suppose.

Liss. The same.

[*Exit.*]

Fred. [*Reads.*] 'Dear Frederick! the two chief blessings of this life, are a friend and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Your's.

FELIX.

Pray Heaven he comes undiscovered.—Ha! Colonel Briton!

Enter Colonel BRITON in a riding-habit.

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, colonel?

Col. *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say. I have commanded these three last years in Spain, but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us good Protestants leave to hope for Chris-

tian burial: so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, colonel, pray command my house while you stay.

Col. If I were sure I should not be troublesome I would accept your offer, Frederick.

Fred. So far from trouble, colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour. What have we here?

Col. My footman: this is our country dress, you must know, which for the honour of Scotland I make all my servants wear.

Enter GIBBY in a Highland dress.

Gib. What mun I de with the horses, and like yer honour? They will tack cald gin they stand in the caufeway.

Fred. Oh, I'll take care of them. What, ho! Vasquez.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Put those horses which that honest fellow will shew you into my stable, do you hear, and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, fir.—Sir, by my master's orders, I am, fir, your most obsequious humble servant. Be pleased to lead the way.

Gib. 'Sbleed! gang your gate, fir, and I fall follow ye. Ife tee hungry to feed on compliments.

[Exit.]

Fred. Ha, ha! a comical fellow.—Well, how do you like our country, colonel?

Col. Why faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough within side of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing girls too, thro' a damn'd grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah, Frederick! your priests are wicked rogues; they immure Beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desires and inflame account, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

Fred. I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where womens' liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

Col. And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

Fred. And of all the ladies where you come, colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

Col. Ah, Frederick! the kirk half starves us Scotsmen. We are kept so sharp at home that we feed like cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, colonel, I am the worst pimp in christendom; you had better trust to your own luck: the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing

my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts. "Egad, I think I must e'en marry, and sacrifice my body for the good of my soul." Wilt thou recommend me to a wife then, one that is willing to exchange her moidores for English liberty? ha, friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better—but be sure she has a nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some gold.

Col. Oh, very much gold; I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Poh! beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. At first perhaps it may; but the second or third dose will choke me.—I confess, Frederick, women are the prettiest playthings in nature; but gold, substantial gold! gives 'em the air, the mien, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, colonel?

Col. Too often—"Money is the very god of marriage; the poets dress him in a saffron robe, by which they figure out the golden deity, and his lighted torch blazons those mighty charms which encourage us to lift under his banner."

None marry now for love, no, that's a jest:

The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

Fred. At yon' corner-house with the green rails.

Col. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu. *[Exit.]*

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

A Room in Don LOPEZ's House. Enter ISABELLA and INIS her Maid.

Inis. For goodness sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

Isab. Any where to avoid matrimony. The thoughts of a husband is as terrible to me as the sight of a hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband: but if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, Inis: but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, "a sneaking, "snivelling, drivelling, avaricious fool!" who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis! what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very

cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands, and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant, man. Therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you. A monastery, quotha!—where you'll with yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

Ifab. What care I? there will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No; nor, what's much worse, to please you, neither—Odslife, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country—Were I in your place——

Ifab. Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water: no shore can treat you worse than your own. There's ne'er a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Ifab. I am too great a coward to follow your advice. I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter DON LOPEZ.

Lop. Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*]—Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Ifab. "Ha! my father!"—To church, fir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly overheard her.

[*Aside.*

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear. Why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

Ifab. Ha! to-morrow!

Lop. He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a-year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Ifab. And the most unhappy woman in the world. —Oh, fir, if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Ifab. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan. Upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood.

[*Kneels.*

Lop. I grant it; thou shalt have an armful of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

Inis. Here's an old dog for you.

[*Aside.*

Ifab. Do not mistake, fir. The fatal stroke which separates soul and body is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Puh, puh! you lie, you lie.

Ifab. My frightened heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse, it would serve for a tragedy. Why thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all *extempore*; I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how—What, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, huffy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember 'tis your duty to obey.

Ifab. [*Rising.*] I never disobeyed before, and I wish I had not reason now; but nature hath got the better of my duty, and makes me loathe the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha! very fine! ha, ha!

Ifab. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Ifab. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself. I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.*] Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. [*Offers her his sword.*] The point is pretty sharp—'twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, sir! What, do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

Isab. I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man; he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, sir: Death has many doors; and when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. [*Takes hold of her, and pulls out of his pocket a key.*] I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear; I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come. Go, get into your chamber:

There I'll your boasted resolution try,

And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Pushes her in, and locks the door.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Don PEDRO's House. Enter Donna VIOLENTE reading a Letter, and FLORA following.

Flora.

WHAT, must that letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can ne'er be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things—— [*Kisses it.*]

Flo. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Flo. In my opinion, nothing charms that does not change : and any composition of the four-and-twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank-note or a bill of exchange.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion.—[*Reads.*]—‘ My all that’s charming, since life’s not life, exil’d from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks’ absence has been in love’s account six hundred years. When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window : till when, adieu. Thine, more than his own, FELIX.’

Flo. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds?—Were I a man, methinks I could have said a hundred finer things.

Vio. *What would you have said?*

Flo. I would have compared your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to—

Vio. No more of your bombast ; truth is the best eloquence in a lover.—What proof remains ungiven of his love ? When his father threatened to disinherit him for refusing Don Antonio’s sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me ? and now, though strict inquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me ?

Flo. But you know, madam, your father Don Pedro designs you for a nun—to be sure, you look ve-

ry like a nun!—and says your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am informed. But, however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Flo. Yes, madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions. [*Exit, and re-enter with Lissardo.*]

Vio. Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

Liss. Ah, very weary, madam.—'Faith, thou look'st wondrous pretty, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Vio. How came you?

Liss. En chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English colonel; but I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman catholic all her lifetime—for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by.—My chops water for a kiss, they do, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Od, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd shew you how fond I could be—— [*Aside to Flora.*]

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. At a little farm-house, madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening—Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine. [*To Flora.*]

Vio. Is he in health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well.

[*To Lissardo.*]

Liff. No; every body knows I counterfeit very ill. [To Flora.

Vio. How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? ha!

Liff. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted.—Love, madam, love—In short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own.

[Looking lovingly upon Flora.

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Liffardo?

Liff. By an infallible rule, madam; words are the pictures of the mind, you know: now, to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you.—For example, madam, coming from shooting t'other day with a brace of partridges, Liffardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violantes.—I flew into the kitchen full of thoughts of thee, cry'd, Here, cook, roast me these Floras.

[To Flora.

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent!—You mimic your master then, it seems.

Liff. I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue.—Another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit, he called out hastily, Liffardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on.—Then he often mistook my name, madam, and called me Violante: in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then, it seems.

Liss. Oh! exceeding merry, madam.

[*Kisses Flora's hand.*]

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry: had you treats and balls?

Liss. Oh! yes, yes, madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, Lissardo, you don't mind what my lady says to you. [*Afide to Lissardo.*]

Vio. Ha! balls—Is he so merry in my absence? And did your master dance, Lissardo?

Liss. Dance, madam! where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! what balls, madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo; did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, madam! Odslife, I ask your pardon, madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's t'other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam; and now, it seems, I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! No, no, poor gentleman! he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him. [*Exit Violante.*]

Liss. I shall, madam.—[*Puts on the ring.*] Methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman. [*Admiring his hand.*]

Flo. That ring must be mine.—Well, Lissardo, what haste you make to pay off arrears now? Look how the fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—Faith, I never minded it so much before—In my opinion it is a very fine shaped hand—and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flo. The man's transported! Is this your love, this your impatience?

Liss. [*Takes snuff.*] Now in my mind—I take snuff with a very jantee air—Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. [*Struts about.*]

Flo. Sweet Mr. Lissardo! [*Curtfying.*] if I may presume to speak to you without affronting your little finger—

Liss. Odso, madam, I ask your pardon—Is it to me, or to the ring—you direct your discourse, madam?

Flo. Madam! good lack! how much a diamond ring improves one!

Liss. Why, tho' I say it—I can carry myself as well as any body—But what wert thou going to say, child?

Flo. Why, I was going to say that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring: it will be a very pretty wedding-ring, Lissardo, would it not?

Liss. Humph! ah! But—but—but—I believe I sha'n't marry yet awhile.

Flo. You sha'n't, you say—Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

Liss. No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance—Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little till we come to a right understand-

Act II. A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

25

ing—but then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flo. Insolent!—Is that your manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee—Kiss me, you little rogue, you. [*Hugging her.*]

Flo. Little rogue! Pr'ythee, fellow, don't be so familiar; [*Pushing him away.*] if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Liss. You can, you say! Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

Flo. Replied with the spirit of a serving man.

Liss. Pr'ythee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out; I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flo. What care I where you fall in.

Enter VIOLANTE.

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when you don't know how soon my father may awake? his afternoon naps are never long.

Flo. Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider nobody's wants but their own. [*Ahds.*]

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a candle.

Flo. Yes, madam.

Liss. I fly, madam. [*Exeunt Liss. and Flora.*]

Vio. The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances—night more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flo. [*Shrieks within.*] Ah, thieves, thieves! Murder, murder!

Vio. [*Shrieks.*] Ah! defend me, Heaven! What do I hear? Felix is certainly pursu'd, and will be taken.

Enter FLORA, running.

Vio. How now? why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

Flo. Oh, madam! as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heav'n grant it does not prove my Felix.

Flo. Here they are, madam.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the meaning of this accident. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel, with ISABELLA in his arms, sets her down in a chair, and addresses himself to FLORA.

Col. Madam, the necessity this lady was under of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse my indecency I might be guilty of in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances—would I were so to her beauty too. [*Aside.*] I commit her, madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure if the street be clear: permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth if I can be further serviceable. Pray, madam, how is the lady of this house called?

Flo. Violante, signior—"He is a handsome cavalier, and promises well. [*Aside.*]

"Col. Are you she, madam?

"Flo. Only her woman, signior."

Col. Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady.—

[Gives her two moidores, and exit.

Flo. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful.

"I find all countries understand the constitution of a chambermaid."

Enter VIOLANTE.

Vio. Was you distracted, Flora; to tell my name to a man you never saw! Unthinking wench! who knows what this may turn to?—What, is the lady dead? Ah! defend me Heaven! 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix. What has befallen her? Pray Heaven he's safe.—Run and fetch some cold water.—Stay, stay, Flora.—Isabella, friend, speak to me; Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

"Flo. See, she revives."

Isab. Oh! hold, my dearest father; do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks!—

Isab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be.

Isab. Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

Flo. It was a terrestrial star called a man, madam; pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one.

Ifab. Oh! I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante! my thoughts ran so much upon the danger I escap'd I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

Ifab. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father design'd to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who, it seems, is just return'd from Holland, and expected ashore tomorrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he lock'd me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leap'd from the window into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope?

Ifab. No; a gentleman passing by by accident, caught me in his arms: at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flo. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam, and a well-bred man I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole life-time; then he open'd his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold could equal.

Vio. "There is but one common road to the heart of a servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous person to mistake it."—Go, leave us, Flora.—But how came you hither, Isabella?

Ifab. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery, but ere I reach'd the door I saw, or fancy'd that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man, and the thought that his master might not be far off flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember.—Ha! what's here? [*Takes up a letter.*] 'For Colonel Briton, to be left at the post house in Lisbon.' This must be drops by the stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

Ifab. I find he is a gentleman, and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more, I fear. [*Sighs and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, Habella?

Ifab. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Ifab. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You command my house and secrecy.

Ifab. I thank you, Violante. I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora a while.

Vio. I'll send her to you.—I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix.

[*Exit.*]

Ifab. Well, I don't know what ails me; methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Enter FLORA.

Fl. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs. Flora: I resolve to make you my confidant.

Flo. I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

Flo. Oh, dear Seniors! I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

Isab. I believe it—But to the purpose—Do you think, if you saw the gentleman which brought me hither you shou'd know him again?

Flo. From a thousand, madam; I have an excellent memory where an handsome man is concerned. When he went away, he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me—though I'll not see him if he comes. Could not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flo. With the air of a duenna—

Isab. Not in this house—you must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flo. What, do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Though I have not practis'd the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid—Do you write the letter and leave the rest to me.—Here, here, here's pen, ink and paper.

Isab. I'll do it in a minute. [*Sits down to write.*]

Flo. So! this is a business after my own heart.—Love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.—Oh! I long to see the other two moidores with

a British air—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

Ifab. So, I have done. Now, if he does but find this house again!

Flo. If he should not—I warrant I'll find him, if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong possession that he has two moidores as good as ever was told.

[Puts the letter into her bosom.]

Enter VIOLANTE.

Vio. Flora, watch my papa; he's fast asleep in his study: if you find him stir give me notice. [*Colonel taps at the window.*] Hark, I hear Felix at the window; admit him instantly, and then to your post. [Exit Flora.]

Ifab. What say you, Violante? is my brother come?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

Ifab. [*Kneels.*] Oh, Violante! I conjure you by all the love thou bear'st to Felix, by thy own generous nature, nay more, by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your desire be assur'd I never shall. But where's the danger?

Ifab. Art thou born in Lisbon and ask that question? He'll think his honour blemish'd by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear girl—

Vio. Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips, not even Felix, tho' at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

Ifab. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [Exit.]

Vio. When I betray thee may I share thy fate.

Enter FELIX.

My Felix, my everlasting love! [Runs into his arms.]

Fel. My life! my soul! my Violante!

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me? Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If during this tedious painful exile thy thoughts have never wander'd from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No; if the god of love were lost to all the rest of human-kind, thy image would secure him in my breast: I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where love resides: could he quit that he would be no where found; and yet Violante I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix?

Fel. True love has many fears, and Fear as many eyes as Fame, yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. [Colonel taps again.] What's that?

[Taps again.]

Vio. What! I heard nothing.

[Again.]

Fel. Ha! what means this signal at your window?

Vio. Somewhat perhaps in passing by might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. [*Within.*] Hift, hift, Donna Violante, Donna Violante!

Fel. They ufe your name by accident too, do they, madam?

Enter FLORA.

Flo. There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Ifabella hither. Shall I admit him? [*Aside to Violante.*

Vio. Admit diftraction rather! Thou art the caufe of this, unthinking wretch. [*Aside to Flora.*

Fel. What, has Mr. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death! I'll know the bottom of this immediately. [*Offers to go.*

Flo. Scout! I fcorn your words, fenior.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you muft not leave me.

[*Runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'tis not fair to answer the gentleman, madam; it is none of his fault that his vifit proves unfeafonable. Pray let me go, my prefence is but a restraint upon you.

[*Struggles to get from her. The Col. pats again.*

Vio. Was ever accident fo mischievous! [*Aside.*

Flo. It muft be the colonel—Now to deliver my letter to him. [*Exit. The Col. taps louder.*

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay. —Why do you hold the man whose abfence would oblige you? Pray, let me go, madam. Confider the gentleman wants you at the window. Confufion!

[*Struggles ftill.*

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death! not you! Is there another of your name in the house? But come on, convince me of the truth of what you say; open the window, if his business does not lie with you your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion.—What, do you pause? Oh, guilt, guilt!—Have I caught you? Nay, then I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it.

[Breaks from her, and goes to the door where Isabella is.]

Vio. "Oh, Heaven! what shall I do now!" Hold, hold, hold, hold; not for the world—you enter there. Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? *[Aside.]*

Fel. What, have I touch'd you? Do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you.—For goodness' sake do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hear you, I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his sister—If he goes out he'll quarrel with the stranger.—Felix, Felix!—"Nay, do not struggle to be gone, my Felix.—If I open the window he may discover the whole intrigue, and yet of all evils we ought to chuse the least"—Your curiosity shall be satisfied. *[Goes to the window, and throws up the sash.]* Whoe'er you are that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

Col. I ask pardon, madam, and will obey: but when I left this house to-night——

Fel. Good!

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger. What will be the event of this Heaven knows. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

Fel. No, no, he's not mistaken.—Pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio. "Wretched misfortune!" Pray, be gone, sir, I know of no business you have here.

Col. I wish I did not know it neither——But this house contains my soul, then can you blame my body for hovering about it?

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. "Diffraction! he will infallibly discover 'Isabella.'" I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! An assignation before my face!—No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[*Takes out a pistol and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.*]

Vio. Ha! [*Shrieks.*] Hold, I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an age, madam! may I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence.—Unfortunate! what will my stars do with me?

Col. I have done——only this——be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.

[*Exit from the window.*]

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam.
[*Walking off from her.*]

Vio. I am all confusion. [Aside.]

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith! oh, thou all woman!—How have I been deceived? —'Sdeath, could you not have imposed upon me for this one night? Could neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on. Oh, thou——

Vio. Can I bear this from you? [Weeps.]

Fel. [Repeats.] When I left this house to-night —To-night! the devil! return so soon!

Vio. Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involv'd me in! [Aside.]

Fel. [Repeats.] This house contains my soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the secret. [Aside.]

Fel. [Repeats.] Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.—Damnation!—How ugly she appears! [Looking at her.]

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, Felix, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false, not injur'd me! Oh, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false! Oh, monstrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not.—There is a cause which I must not reveal.—Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex—then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour! what hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit a plurality of lovers? A secret! ha, ha, ha! his affairs are wondrous safe who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping. But you

need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same.

"*Vio.* My love! [*Offers to take his hand.*]

"*Fel.* My torment!" [*Turns from her.*]

Flo. "So I have delivered my letter to the colonel

"and received my fee. [*Aside.*]" Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was.—For goodness sake, sir, why do you speak so loud?

Fel. I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary; I'll oblige you.

[*Going, she takes hold of him.*]

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first!

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

Fel. Durst! ha, ha, ha! Durst, quotha!

Vio. But another time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell.

[*Breaks from her, and exit.*]

Vio. Oh, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet, not even this shall draw the secret from me.

*That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile,
And trust to Love my love to reconcile.* [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Don LOPEZ's House. Enter DON LOPEZ.

Don Lopez.

WAs ever man thus plagu'd? Odsheart, I could swallow my dagger for madness. I know not what to think: Sure Frederick had no hand in her escape. — She must get out of the window, and she could not do that without a ladder, and who could bring it to her but him? Ay, it must be so. "The dislike he shew'd to Don Guzman, in our discourse to-day, confirms my suspicion, and I will charge him home with it. Sure children were given me for a curse! Why, what innumerable misfortunes attend us parents! when we have employed our whole care to educate and bring our children up to years of maturity, just when we expect to reap the fruits of our labour, a man shall, in the twinkling of a bell, see one hang'd and t'other whor'd." This graceless baggage! — But I'll to Frederick immediately; I'll take the Alguazil with me and search his house, and if I find her, I'll use her — by St. Anthony I don't know how I'll use her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street. Enter Colonel with ISABELLA's Letter in his hand, and GIBBY following.

Col. Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh! how I love these pretty kind coming females that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them.

—“ Oh, Portugal! thou dear garden of pleasure—where love drops down his mellow fruit, and every bough bends to our hands, and seems to cry, come pull, and eat: how deliciously a man lives here without fear of the stool of repentance!”

—This letter I received from a lady in a veil—some duenna, some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the style is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [*Reads.*] ‘ Sir, I have seen your person and like it,—very concise—’ and if you’ll meet at four o’clock in the morning, upon the *Terreiro de passa*, half an hour’s conversation will let me into your mind.’—Ha, ha, ha! a philosophical wench! This is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man.—‘ If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you’ll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for.’—Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I’m sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I

must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—Gibby.

Gib. Here an lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby.

Gib. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, fir.

Col. I am to meet a lady upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Gib. The deel an mine eyn gin I ken her, fir.

Col. But you will when you come there, firrah.

Gib. Like eneugh, fir; I have as sharp an eyn tull a bonny lass as ere a lad in aw Scotland. And what mun I dee wi' her, fir?

Col. Why, if she and I part you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gib. In troth sal I, fir, gin the deel take her not.

Col. Come along then, it is pretty near the time.—I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,

While tasteless mortals sleep their time away. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Changes to FREDERICK'S House. Enter INIS and LISSARDO.

Liss. Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together. But you are very grave methinks, Lissardo.

Liff. [*Looking on the ring.*] Not at all—I have some thoughts indeed of altering my course of living: there is a critical minute in every man's life, which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. Ha! what do I see? A diamond ring! Where the deuce had he that ring? You have got a very pretty ring there, Liffardo.

Liff. Ay, the trifle is pretty enough—but the lady who gave it to me is a *bona roba* in beauty, I assure you. [*Cocks his hat and struts.*]

Inis. I can't bear this.—The lady! what lady, pray?

Liff. O fy! there's a question to ask a gentleman.

Inis. A gentleman! why the fellow's spoil'd! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man! you'll break my heart, so you will. [*Bursts into tears.*]

Liff. Poor tender-hearted fool!

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I wou'd. [*Sobs.*]

Liff. So, now the jade wants a little coaxing. Why, what do'st weep for now, my dear? ha!

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll—

Liff. No, the devil take me if she did: you make me swear now.—So, they are all for the ring, but I shall bob 'em.—I did but joke; the ring is none of mine, it is my master's, I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore, pr'ythee, dry thy eyes, and kiss me; come.

Enter FLORA.

Inis. And do you really speak truth now?

Liff. Why, do you doubt it?

Flo. So, so, very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has sworn it so often. [*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor ha'n't you seen Flora since you came to town?

Flo. Ha! how dares she name my name? [*Aside.*]

Liss. No, by this kiss I ha'n't. [*Kisses her.*]

Flo. Here's a dissembling varlet! [*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the devil! Why, did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

Flo. Did you so, villain?

[*Strikes him a box on the ear.*]

Liss. Zounds, she here! I have made a fine spot of work on't. [*Aside.*]

Inis. What's that for? ha! [*Brushes up to her.*]

Flo. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop? —Pray, get about your business, if you go to that. I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

Liss. What the devil! do they take me for an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me? [*Aside.*]

Flo. Pray, what right have you, mistress, to ask that question?

Inis. No matter for that; I can shew a better title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine months earnest for a living title? ha, ha!

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting jests to me, Mrs. Boldface, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liss. So! now I am as great as the sam'd Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me. Now I fancy if you would agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flo. You satisfy! No, firrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither.—What! do you make no difference between us!

Flo. You pitiful fellow you! What! you fancy, I warrant, I gave myself the trouble of dogging you out of love to your filthy person; but you are mistaken firrah—it was to detect your treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated *Inis*, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you, but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs you said?

Inis. How, how, firrah, crooked legs! Ods, I could find in my heart—

[*Snatching up her petticoats a little.*]

Liss. Here's a lying young jade now? Pr'ythee, my dear, moderate thy passion. [Coaxingly,

Inis. I'd have you to know, firrah, my legs was never—Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, firrah. [Passionately,

Liss. My master! so, so.

[*Shaking his head and winking,*

Flo. I am glad I have done some mischief, however. [Aside,

Liff. [*To Inis.*] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enraged woman says! Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? [*Runs to Flora.*] Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion, you silly girl you! Why, I saw you follow us plain enough, mun, and said all this that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains.—But you are a revengeful young slut though, I tell you that; but come, kiss and be friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me; hang your kisses.

Fel. [*Within.*] Liffardo!

Liff. Ods-heart, here's my master. The devil take both these jades for me; what shall I do with them?

Inis. Ha! 'tis Don Felix's voice; I would not have him find me here with his footman for the world. [*Aside.*

Fel. [*Within.*] Why, Liffardo, Liffardo!

Liff. Coming, sir. What a pox will you do?

Flo. Bless me, which way shall I get out?

Liff. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mewed up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are and face it out—there is no help for it.

Flo. Put me any where rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the press and she goes in.*

Inis. I'll see her hanged before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust fortune with my deliverance.—Here us'd to be a pair of back stairs, I'll try to find them out. [*Exit.*

Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.

Fel. Was you asleep, firrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liff. I did hear you, and answer'd you I was coming, fir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

Liff. Hey-day! what's the matter now? [*Exit.*

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled your temper thus?

Fel. A woman—Oh, friend! who can name woman, and forget inconstancy!

Fred. This from a person of mean education were excuseable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure.—Come, this is some groundless jealousy.—Love raises many fears.

Fel. No, no; my ears convey'd the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger. Oh, my friend! Violante's false, and I have nothing left but thee in Lisbon which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I'm ignorant. Oh, that some miracle would reveal him to me, that I might, through his heart, punish her infidelity!

Enter LISSARDO.

Liff. Oh, fir! here's your father, Don Lopez, coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liff. I can't tell, fir, he ask'd for Don Frederick.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liff. I believe not, sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then—and, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave. *[Exit.]*

Fred. Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

Enter Don LOPEZ, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy—so that if you have any body within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, sir, I must tell you that you had better have pitch'd upon any man in Portugal to have injur'd than myself.

"Fel. [Peeping.] What means my father?"

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Tho' I am old I have a son—Alas! why name I him? he knows not the dishonour of my house.

"Fel. I am confounded! The dishonour of his house!"

Fred. Explain yourself, my lord, I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false; you have debauch'd my daughter.

"Fel. Debauch'd my sister! impossible! he could not, durst not, be that villain."

Fred. My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or by St. Anthony I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fel. Ha! in this house!"

Fred. You are misinform'd, my lord! Upon my reputation I have not seen Donna Isabella since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, sir—if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Gusman yesterday?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I fear'd, would give your daughter cause to curse her duty if she comply'd with your demands; that was all, my lord.

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the window, to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my sister gone! Oh, scandal to our blood!"

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you I have neither seen nor know any thing of your daughter.—If she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, sir; however, my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the Alguazil——

Flo. [*Peeping.*] The Alguazil! What in the name of wonder will become of me?

Fred. The Alguazil! My lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguazil, and attendants.

Lop. No, sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you in the king's name to assist me in finding my daughter.—Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearched. Come, follow me.

[Gets towards the door where Felix is; Frederick draws, and plants himself before the door.]

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house before you enter here.

Alg. How, sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, sir, I am his majesty's alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority—therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knocked down—for know, sir, the breath of an alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi-culverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door.—If he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall shew you some sport first. The woman you look for is not here; but there is something in this room which I'll preserve from your fight at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there.—Force his sword from him.

[Felix comes out, and joins Frederick.]

Fel. Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, misericordia! what do I see? my son!

Alg. Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies; and that's in the surgeon's power—and he's in love with my daughter, you know—so seize him.—“Don Felix, I command you to surrender yourself into the hands of justice, in order to raise me and my posterity; and in consideration you lose your head to gain me five hundred pounds, I'll have your generosity recorded on your tombstone—at my own proper cost and charge—I hate to be ungrateful.”

Lop. Hold, hold! Oh that ever I was born!

Fred. Did I not tell you you would repent, my lord? What, ho! within there.

Enter Servants.

Arm yourselves, and let not a man in nor out but Felix.

Fel. Generous Frederick!

Fred. Look ye, alguazil, when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but as a thief and robber thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, sir, we'll shew you play for the five hundred pounds.

“*Alg.* Fall on, seize the money, right or wrong, ye rogues.” [They fight.]

Lop. Hold, hold, alguazil, I'll give you the five hundred pounds, that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles, however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Alg. Say you so, my lord? Why, look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill will, my lord. If I get but the five hundred pounds, my lord—why, look ye, my lord—'tis the same thing to me, whether your son be hanged or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels!—

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natured fellow, that's the truth on't.—Come then, we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. Oh, Felix! why wouldst thou serve me thus?—But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my heart.

[*Exeunt Lopez, Alguazil, and Attendants.*]

Fel. Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, for I overheard it all, I can't return the acknowledgments I owe to you. Know you ought relating to my sister?

Fred. I hope my faith and truth are known to you—and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh Fortune! where will thy malice end?

Enter VASQUIZ.

Vasq. Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

Vasq. I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel. I wish it be true; then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee,

Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will, this minute.—Do you hear, let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. [Exit.

Vasq. I'll observe, sir. [Exit.

Flo. [Peeping.] They have almost frightened me out of my wits, I'm sure.—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how then shall I say I came in to the cupboard?

Enter VASQUEZ, seeming to oppose the entrance of somebody.

Vasq. I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. [Within.] I tell you, sir, he is here; and I will see him.

Fel. What noise is that?

Vio. [Breaking in.] You are as difficult of access, sir, as a first minister of state.

Flo. My stars, my lady here! [Shuts the press close.

Fel. If your visit was designed to Frederick, madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, sir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

Vio. Though I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my eyes, my ears, and my understanding ly'd, then I am in your debt; else not, madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they ly'd; but call it a mistake, nay, call

it any thing to excuse my Felix.—Could I, think ye, could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love?—"Do but consider, if I had entertained another, should not I rather embrace this quarrel, pleased with the occasion that rid me of your visits, and gave me freedom to enjoy the choice which you think I have made? Have I any interest in thee but my love? or am I bound by aught but inclination to submit and follow thee?"——No law, whilst single, binds us to obey——but your sex are, "by nature and education," obliged to pay a deference to all womankind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that Heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out than suffer them to delude my reason and enslave my peace.

Vio. Can you love without esteem; and where is the esteem for her you still suspect? Oh, Felix, there is a delicacy in love, which equals even a religious faith! True love never doubts the object it adores, and sceptics there will disbelieve their sight.

Fel. Your notions are too refined for mine, madam.

Enter VASQUEZ.

How now, firrah, what do you want?

Vasq. Only my master's cloak out of this press, fir, that's all.

Fel. Make haste, then.

Vasq. [*Opens the press, sees Flora, and roars out.*]

—Oh, the devil, the devil! [*Exit.*]

Flo. Discovered!—nay, then legs befriend me.

[*Runs out.*]

Vio. Ha! a woman concealed! very well, Felix.

Fel. A woman in the press!

Enter LISSARDO.

How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Liss. What shall I say now?

Vio. Now, Lissardo, shew your wit to bring your master off—

Liss. Off, madam—Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to, bring him off, madam; for she did, and she did not come, as, as, as, a, a, a, man may say directly to, to, to, to, to speak with my master, madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath! rascal, speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my spado in your guts.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes; he would not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Liss. I am so confounded between the one and the other, that I can't think of a lie. [*Aside.*]

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly—I'll know what business she has here.

Vio. Not a step; your master shall not be put to the blush.—Come, a truce, Felix. Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime;—but your soul, conscious of its guilt, would fain lay hold of this occasion, to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent!—Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you would be taken for; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and would make me the aggressor.—It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance.—This last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance; and so your servant. *[Exit.]*

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart, what wilt thou do?—Her father's will shall be obeyed!—Ha! that carries her to a cloister, and cuts off all my hopes at once.—By Heaven, she shall not, must not leave me.—No, she is not false—at least my love now represents her true,—because I fear to lose her.—Ha! villain, art thou here?—*[Turns upon Lissardo.]*—Tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed—or—

Liss. Ay, good sir! forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. *[Falls on his knees.]*

Fel. Out with it, then—

Liss. It, it, it was Mrs. Flora, sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while—she was not willing you should know it; so

when she heard your voice, she ran into the clothes-dress. I would have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it. This is the truth, as I hope for a whole skin, sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, firrah.—Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, fir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly.—[Exit *Lissardo*.]—I must convince her of my faith. Oh, how irresolute is a lover's heart!—"My resentment cooled when hers grew high—nor can I struggle longer with my fate; I cannot quit her, no, I cannot, so absolute a conquest has she gained."—How absolute a woman's power!

In vain we strive their tyranny to quit,

In vain we struggle, for we must submit. [Exit

SCENE IV.

The Terriero de Passa. Enter Colonel, and ISABELLA veiled. GIBBY at a distance.

Col. Then you say it is impossible for me to wait on you home, madam?

Isab. I say it is inconsistent with my circumstances, colonel—and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. Consent to go with me, then.—I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant, just by here.—He is a very honest fellow; and I dare confide in his secrecy.

Ifab. Ha! does he lodge there?—Pray Heaven I am not discovered. [*Aside.*]

Col. What say you, my charmer?—shall we breakfast together? I have some of the best tea in the universe.

Ifab. Puh! tea! is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings, colonel?

Col. Well hinted—No, no, no, I have other things at thy service, child.

Ifab. What are those things, pray?

Col. My heart, soul, and body, into the bargain.

Ifab. Has the last no encumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title, colonel?

Col. All freehold, child, and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. [*Embraces her.*]

Gib. O' my sal they mak muckle words about it. —He sare weary with standing—He e'en tak a sleep. [*Lies down.*]

Ifab. If I take a lease it must be for life, colonel.

Col. Thou shalt have me as long or as little time as thou wilt, my dear. Come, let's to my lodgings, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

Ifab. Oh, not so fast, colonel—There are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and the parson comes.

Col. The lawyer and parson!—No, no, you little rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law—or the gospel.

Ifab. Indeed but we cann't, colonel.

Col. Indeed!—Why, hast thou then trepanned me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why this is shewing a man half famished a well-

furnished larder, then clapping a padlock on the door till you starve him quite.

Ifab. If you can find in your heart to say grace, colonel, you shall keep the key.

Col. I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind——If I like you——

Ifab. I dare not risk my reputation upon your *ifs*, colonel, and so adieu. [Going.]

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Ifab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity now; one step farther loses me for ever.—Shew yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour. [Exit.]

Col. Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam—[*Kisses her hand, and parts.*] But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship, if Gibby observes my orders. Methinks, these intrigues which relate to the mind are very insipid.—The conversation of bodies is much more diverting.—Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? and is it thus you observe my orders, ye dog?

[*Kicks him all this while, and he shrugs, and rubs his eyes, and yawns.*]

Gib. That's true, an like yer honour; but I thought that when yence ye had her in yer ane hands ye might a' ordered her yer sel weel enough without me, en ye ken, an like yer honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again.

Gib. Ay, this is bony wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she devil.—What gate sal I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah for a ruling elder—or the kirk's treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o' this——But I am sure there's na sick honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculdudrie.

Enter an English Soldier passing along.

Gib. Geud mon, did you see a woman, a lady, ony gate hereawa e'en now?

Englishman. Yea, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you inquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, she's na kenspeckle, she's aw in a cloud——

Englishman. What! 'tis some Highland monster which you brought over with you, I suppose: I see no fuch, nor I. Kenspeckle, quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, mon; the deel pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the better, ye Portigise like.

Englishman. What says the fellow?

[Turning to Gibby.]

Gib. Say! I say I am a bater fellow than e'er stude upon yer shanks——and gin I heer mair o' yer din, deel o' my faul, fir, but ife crack yer croon.

Englishman. Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you ha'n't your bones broke.

Act III. A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

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Gib. Ay! an ye dinna understand a Scottsman's tongue, he see gin ye can understand a Scottsman's gripe. Wha's the bater mon now, fir?

[Lays hold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.]

Here VIOLANTE crosses the Stage, GIBBY jumps up from the Man, and brushes up to VIOLANTE.

Gib. I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What would the fellow have?

Gib. Nothing; away, madam; wo worthy yer heart, what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby!

Vio. The man's drunk——

Gib. In troth am I not——And gin I had na found ye, madam, the Laird knows when I should; for my maister bad me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

Vio. Sirrah! get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud faith, my maister has e'en done that t'yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, fir?

Gib. Mony a ane speers the gate they ken right weel: it is no sa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye half as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Pugh! the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he to talk to him any longer. *[Violante enters Don Pedro's house.]*

Enter LISSARDO at the upper end of the Stage.

Liss. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scots fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gone, madam? a deil scope in yer company, for I'm as weel as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at.—“Weel, of aw men in the world I think our Scotsmen the greatest feuls to leave their weel-favour'd honest women at hame to rin walloping after a pack of gycarlings here, that shame to shew their faces, and pear men, like me, are forc'd to be their pimps. A pimp! Godswarbit, Gibby's ne'er be a pimp—and yet, in troth, it's a thriving trade; I remember a countrymon o' my ane, that by gangin' o' sick like errants as I am now, came to get preferment.” My lad, wot ye wha lives here?

[Turns and sees Lissardo.]

Liss. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

Gib. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Liss. Yes, I did.

Gib. And d'ye ken her tee?

Liss. It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that is certain. *[Aside.]* 'Tis a cold morning, brother, what think you of a dram?

Gib. In troth, very weel, sir.

Liss. You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee, let's drink to our better acquaintance.

Gib. Wi' aw my heart, fir; gang your gate to the next house, and Ise follow ye.

Liss. Come along then. [Exit.

Gib. Don Pedro de Mendosa!—Donna Violante, his daughter!—that's as reight as my leg now—Ise need na mare; I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.——

*Ise bring him news will mak his heart full blee;
Gin he rewards it not, deel pimp for me.* [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VIOLANTE's Lodgings. Enter ISABELLA in a gay temper, and VIOLANTE out of humour.

Isabella.

My dear! I have been seeking you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.

Isab. Hang unlucky hours! I won't think of them; I hope all my misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

Isab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

Ifab. What say you, my dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at discoveries, *Isabella*; I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease; your brother is false.

Ifab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true,

Ifab. Some villain has traduc'd him to you.

Vio. No, *Isabella*; I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures; no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

Ifab. Then I am most unhappy. My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.

Vio. You wrong my friendship, *Isabella*; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

Ifab. Generous maid!—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

Vio. Another time.—But tell me, *Isabella*, how can I serve you?

Ifab. Thus then—The gentleman that brought me hither I have seen and talk'd with upon the *Terriero de passa* this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humour; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and I have dispatch'd Mrs. Flora to bring him hither: I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

Ifab. To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! why, do you design to ask him.

Ifab. No, Violante, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own affairs too ill to be trusted with those of other people? "be-
"sides, if my father should find a stranger here, it
"might make him hurry me into a monastery im-
"mediately." I can't for my life admire your con-
duct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to
you.—'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morn-
ing, but much more so to send for him hither, know-
ing what inconveniency you have already drawn
upon me.

Ifab. I am not insensible how far my misfortunes
have embarrass'd you; and, if you please, sacrifice
my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd!—Have I not preferr'd your
happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Ifab. I know thou hast—then do not deny me this
last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may ren-
der my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring
my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I
suppose he knows you are the same woman that he
brought in here last night.

Ifab. Not a syllable of that; I met him veiled,
and to prevent his knowing the house, I ordered
Mrs. Flora to bring him by the back-door into the
garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes; if they
should meet, there would be fine work.—Indeed,
my dear, I can't approve of your design.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Madam, the Colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

Flo. *So I am to be buff'd for every thing.*

Isab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action—but consider the necessity of my deliverance.

Vio. That indeed is a weighty consideration: well, what am I to do?

Isab. In the next room I'll give you instructions.—In the mean time, Mrs. Flora, shew the colonel into this.

[Exit Flora one way, and Isabella and Violante another.]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The lady will wait on you presently, sir.

[Exit.]

Col. Very well—This is a very fruitful soil. I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already; but I hate the chase without partaking of the game.—*[Enter Violante veil'd.]* 'Ha!' a fine sized woman—pray Heaven she proves handsome—I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, madam. A man is but a man.

[Takes her hand and kisses it.]

Vio. Nay, we have no time for compliments, colonel.

Col. I understand you, madam—*Montrez moi votre chambre.* [Takes her in his arms.]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold, colonel; my bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain purchase.

Col. Purchase! humph, this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. [*Aside.*] Look ye, madam, you must consider we soldiers are not overstock'd with money—but we make ample satisfaction in love; we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know—then pr'ythee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, Colonel, my design is levell'd at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

Col. Ay, that it is faith, madam! and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee——

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination.—A matrimonial hint again. “Gad, I fancy the women have a project on foot to transplant the union into “Portugal.” [*Aside.*]

Vio. Then you have an aversion to matrimony, colonel. Did you never see a woman in all your travels that you could like for a wife?

Col. A very odd question.—Do you really expect that I should speak truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, colonel.

Col. Why then——Yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this?

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism:
“but I don’t conceive which way it turns to edifi-
“cation.” In this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is——

Col. Ay, how is she called, madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, sir.

Col. Oh, ho, why she is called——Pray, ma-
dam, how is it you spell your name?

Vio. Oh, colonel, I am not the happy woman,
nor do I wish it.

Col. No! I’m sorry for that.——What the devil
does she mean by all these questions? [*Aside.*

Vio. Come, colonel, for once be sincere——per-
haps you may not repent it.

Col. This is like to be but a silly adventure, here’s
so much sincerity required. [*Aside.*] ‘Faith, ma-
dam, I have an inclination to sincerity, but I’m
afraid you’ll call my manners in question.

Vio. Not at all: I prefer truth before compli-
ment in this affair.

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, madam, a
lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a
window, whose person I could be content to take,
as my father took my mother, till death do us part
——but who she is, or how distinguished, whether
maid, wife, or widow, I can’t inform you; per-
haps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she
——but I can give you an account of her. That lady
is a maid of condition——has ten thousand pounds——

and, if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel! art thou not she? [*Offers to embrace her.*] "This is a lucky adventure."
[*Aside.*]

Vio. Once again, colonel, I tell you I am not she—but at six this evening you shall find her on the *Terrace de passa* with a white handkerchief in her hand. Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

Enter FLORA hastily, and whispers: VIOLANTE, *who starts, and seems surprised.*

Vio. Ha! Felix crossing, say you? What shall I do now?

Col. You seem surprised, madam.

Vio. Oh colonel, my father is coming hither—and if he finds you here, I am ruined.

Col. Odslife, madam, thrust me any where. Can't I go out this way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that way. How shall I prevent their meeting? Here, here, step into my bed-chamber——

Col. Oh, the best place in the world, madam!

Vio. And be still, as you value her you love. Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

Col. On that condition, I'll not breathe.

[*Exit Col.*]

Enter FELIX.

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while—But she is at home, I find—How coldly she regards me!—You look, Violante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me after what I saw to-day?

Fel. Assurance! rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, “nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth without endeavouring to convince you of my innocence;” so much good-nature have I more than you, Violante.—Pray give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flo. I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage! not to undeceive me sooner: what business could you have there?

Fel. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Flo. I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified—

Vio. Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have loved?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion, I should with less concern remember yours.—But for mistress Flora—

Fel. You must forgive her——Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love, than to ourselves; but at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go watch my father, Flora, lest he should awake and surprise us.

Flo. Yes, madam.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Fel. Dost thou then love me, Violante?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh, let no man judge of love but those who feel it; what wondrous magic lies in one kind look!——One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh, the window, Violante! wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!

Vio. Pr'ythee, no more of that, my Felix; a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in us women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flo. Oh madam, madam, madam! my lord your father has been in the garden, and locked the back-door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

Vio. Then we are caught. Now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky. Let me step into your bed-chamber, he won't look under the bed; there I may conceal myself.

[Runs to the door, and pushes it open a little.]

Vio. My stars! if he goes in there, he'll find the colonel.—No, no, Felix, that's no safe place: my father often goes thither, and should you cough or sneeze we are lost.

Fel. Either my eye deceived me, or I saw a man within; I'll watch him close.

Flo. Oh, invention, invention!—I have it, madam. Here, here, sir, off with your sword and I'll fetch you a disguise. *[Exit.]*

Fel. She shall deal with the devil if she conveys him out without my knowledge.

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble!

Enter FLORA with a Riding-hood.

Flo. Here, sir, put on this.

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid Don Pedro.

[She puts it on.]

Vio. Oh, quick, quick! I shall die with apprehension.

Flo. Be sure you don't speak a word.

Fel. Not for the Indies—but I shall observe you closer than you imagine. *[Aside.]*

Ped. *[Within.]* Violante, where are you, child?

Enter Don PEDRO.

Why, how came the garden door open?—Ha! how now, who have we here?

Vio. Humph!—He'll certainly discover him.

[*Aside.*

Flo. 'Tis my mother, an't please you, sir.

[*She and Felix both curtsy.*

Ped. Your mother! by St. Andrew she's a strapper! why, you are a dwarf to her.——How many children have you, good woman?

Vio. Oh, if he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*

Flo. Oh, dear senior, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

Ped. Alas, poor woman!—Why, you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

Fel. Would I were fairly off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Turn up her hood.

Vio. Undone for ever!——St. Anthony forbid. Oh, sir, she has the dreadfulest unlucky eyes——Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her hood shut on purpose.——Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Ped. Eyes!——Why, what's the matter with her eyes?

Flo. My poor mother, sir, is much afflicted with the cholic, and about two months ago she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English Geneva——which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the day-light.

Ped. Say you so?——Poor woman!——Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glass below, sir:——For my part, she has frightened me so I

sha'n't be myself these two hours—I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

Fel. Well hinted."

Ped. Well, well, do so.—Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes, child.

Flo. Come along, mother—[*Speaks loud.*]—

[*Exeunt Felix and Flora.*]

Vio. I'm glad he's gone. [Aside.]

Ped. Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, sir?

Ped. Why, Vasquez tells me that Don Lopez' daughter Isabella has run away from her father: that lord has very ill fortune with his children.—Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors.

[Aside.]

Vio. This is the first word ever I heard of it: I pity her frailty—

Ped. Well said, Violante.—Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

Enter FLORA.

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa. [Aside.]

Ped. My Lady Abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided every thing in order for thy reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl—fifty times before that of matrimony—where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natured furlly dog break thy heart.

Flo. Break her heart! she had as good have her bones broke, as to be a nun; I am sure I had rather of the two. You are wondrous kind, sir: but if I had such a father I know what I would do.

Ped. Why, what would you do, minx, ha?

Flo. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature and the end of the creation as he had.

Ped. You would, mistress! who the devil doubts it?—A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms, and lying and contriving the supporters. —Your inclinations are on tiptoe, it seems. —If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoined you so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month.—You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio. Fy, Flora! are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father?—You said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Flo. Did I? I told a great lie, then.

Ped. She go with thee! no, no, she's enough to debauch the whole convent.—Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week—

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this, too. [*Aside.*] I am all obedient, sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Flo. But little does he think what change she means. [*Aside.*]

Ped. "Well said, Violante.—I am glad to find her so willing to leave the world; but it is wholly

"owing to my prudent management. Did she know
 "that she might command her fortune when she
 "came at age, or upon day of marriage, perhaps
 "she'd change her note.——But I have always
 "told her that her grandfather left it with this pro-
 "viso, that she turned nun. Now a small part of
 "this twenty thousand pounds provides for her in
 "the nunnery, and the rest is my own.——There
 "is nothing to be got in this life without policy.—
 "[*Aside.*]"——Well, child, I am going into the
 country for two or three days, to settle some affairs
 with thy uncle; and when I return, we'll proceed for
 thy happiness, child.——Good bye, *Violante*; take care
 of thyself. [Exeunt *Don Pedro* and *Violante*.

Flo. So, now for the colonel.——Hift, hift,
 colonel!

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is the coast clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get
 over the washhouse, and jump from the garden-wall
 into the street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck, if my in-
 cognita answers but thy lady's promise.

[Exeunt *Col.* and *Flora*.]

Enter FELIX.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the stairs till I
 watched the old man out. [*Violante opens the door.*]
 "Sdeath, I am prevented. [Exit *Felix*.]

Enter VIOLENTE.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Goes to the door, where the Colonel is hid.*] Sir, sir, you may appear.

Enter FELIX, following her.

Fel. May be so, madam? I had cause for my suspicion, I find. Treacherous woman!

Vio. Ha, Felix here! Nay, then all is discovered.

Fel. [*Draws.*] Villain! whoever thou art, come out, I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. What shall I say?—Nothing but the Secret which I have sworn to Keep can reconcile this quarrel. [*Aside.*]

Fel. A coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself: no; by St. Anthony, an altar should not protect thee; "even there I'd reach thy heart, though all the saints were armed in thy defence." [*Exit.*]

Vio. Defend me, Heaven! what shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. I have helped the colonel off clear, madam.

Vio. Sayest thou so, my girl?—Then I am armed.

Re-enter FELIX.

Fel. Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, conveyed him from my resentment?

Vio. Him! whom do you mean, my dear inquisitive spark? Ha, ha, ha, ha! you will never leave these jealous whims.

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my dear. Do you think I did not see you? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

Fel. *Trick!*

Vio. *Yes, trick.* I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired! I shall have a blessed life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it then but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. *My eyes! No, nor my ears, nor any of my senses, for they have all deceived me.* Well, I am convinced that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love returned, she becomes as errant a slave as if she had already said after the priest.

Fel. The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears, which cause these quarrels. When wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow I will tell thee: my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's; we have time enough to finish our affairs.—But prythee leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

Fel. To-morrow then——

Fly swift, ye Hours, and bring to-morrow on!——

But must I leave you now, my Violante?

Vio. You must, my Felix.——We soon shall meet
to part no more!

Fel. Oh, rapturous sounds! Charming woman!

Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart

With joy, and left no room for jealousy.

Do thou like me each doubt and fear remove,

And all to come be confidence and love. [Exit.

“ Enter ISABELLA.

“ *Ifab.* I am glad my brother and you are recon-
“ ciled, my dear, and the colonel escaped without
“ his knowledge; I was frightened out of my wits
“ when I heard him return. I know not how to
“ express my thanks, woman, for what you suffered
“ for my sake; my grateful acknowledgment shall
“ ever wait you, and to the world proclaim the
“ faith, truth, and honour of a woman.

“ *Vio.* Pr'ythee don't compliment thy friend, Isa-
“ bella.—You heard the colonel, I suppose.

“ *Ifab.* Every syllable: and am pleased to find I
“ do not love in vain.

“ *Vio.* Thou hast caught his heart, it seems, and
“ an hour hence may secure his person.—Thou hast
“ made hasty work on't, girl.

“ *Ifab.* From thence I draw my happiness; we
“ shall have no accounts to make up, after consum-
“ mation.

"She who for years protracts her lover's pain,
 "And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,
 "To be his wife, when late she gives consent,
 "Finds half his passion was in courtship spent;
 "Whilst they, who boldly all delays remove,
 "Find every hour a fresh supply of love. [Exeunt."

ACT V. SCENE I.

FREDERICK'S House. Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.

Felix.

THIS hour has been propitious; I am reconcil'd to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter LISSARDO.

Fel. What haste you made, firrah, to bring me word if Violante went home.

Liss. I can give you very good reasons for my stay, sir.—Yes, sir, she went home.

Fred. Oh! your master knows that, for he has been there himself, Liffardo.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear?

Fel. What have you to say?

[*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*]

Fred. Ha! Felix changes colour at Liffardo's news! What can it be?

Fel. A Scots footman that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? The devil! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Pr'ythee, Frederick, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotsman?

Fred. Yes; why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good, harmless, innocent fellow; I am sorry for it. The colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men, I suppose. Here he comes.—

Enter Colonel

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. And not without some reason, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, sir.

Col. That compliment don't belong to me, sir; but, I assure you, I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know not—only that she is a charming woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My heart swells with apprehension—some accidental rencounter.—

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

Col. A tavern! no, no, fir; she is above that rank, I assure you: this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. Ha! a velvet bed!—I thought you said but now, fir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, fir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

Fred. Ay, ay; come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then, you must know, gentlemen, that I was convey'd to her lodgings by one of Cupid's emissaries, called a chambermaid, in a chair, thro' fifty blind alleys, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

Fel. 'Sdeath! a garden! this must be Violante's garden. [Aside.

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious room, then dropt me a curtsy, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her modesty! This was Flora. [Aside.

Fred. Well, how then, colonel?

Col. Then, fir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady arm'd at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that had I not been covered with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms, for you must know I just saw her eyes—Eyes did I say?

no, no, hold; I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her bed, sir?—
'Sdeath! this expectation gives a thousand racks.

[*Aside.*
Col. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

Fel. Upon her father's coming!

Col. Ay, so she said; but putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt! 'twas she without dispute.

[*Aside.*
Fred. Ah, poor Colonel! ha, ha, ha!

Col. I discover'd they had had a quarrel, but whether they were reconciled or not I can't tell, for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now—'Tis plain 'twas she—Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath, I cannot bear it.

[*Aside.*
Fred. So, when she had dispatched her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber; ha! colonel?

Col. No, pox take the impertinent puppy! he spoil'd my diversion; I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! Give me patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with rage.

[*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse.—*But, sir, dear sir, do hearken to this:* [*To Felix.*] The nymph that introduced me conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke, for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That way I mis'd him.—Damn her invention! [*Aside.*] Pray, colonel—*Ha, ha, ha! it's very pleasant, ha, ha!*—Was this the same lady you met upon the *Terriero de passa* this morning?

Col. Faith, I can't tell, sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had order'd to watch her home, fell fast asleep.—I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter GIBBY.

Col. Where have you been, firrah?

Gib. Troth, I've been seeking ye, an like yer honour, these twa hoors and mair. I bring ye glad teedings, fir.

Col. What, have you found the lady?

Gib. Geud faith ha I, fir—and she's called *Donna Violante*, and her parent *Don Pedro de Mendosa*, and gin ye will gang wi' me, an like yer honour, I'll mak ye ken the hoose right weel.

Fel. Oh, torture! torture! [*Aside.*

Col. Ha! *Violante!* that's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is: sure it could not be her; at least, it was not the same house I'm confident. [*Aside.*

Fred. Violante! 'tis false; I would not have you credit him, colonel.

Gib. The deel burst my bladder, fir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog; [*Kicks him.*] and if your master will justify you——

Col. Not I faith, fir—I answer for nobody's lies but my own: if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he does Ise na tak it, fir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. [*Walks about in a passion.*]

Col. I ow'd you a beating, firrah, and I'm oblig'd to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore, say no more; d'ye hear, fir?

[*Aside to Gibby.*]

Gib. Troth de I, fir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a mistake, colonel, for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Col. Don't be too positive, Frederick: now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, fir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. Sir!

Fel. Sir, I say, I have a right to inquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. Ha, ha! really, fir, I cannot conceive how you or any man can have a right to inquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante——and he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for't, is a villain.

[*Draws.*]

Col. What the devil have I been doing! Now, blisters on my tongue by dozens! [*Aside.*]

Fred. Pr'ythee, Felix, don't quarrel till you know for what: this is all a mistake I'm positive.

Col. Look ye, fir, that I dare draw my sword, I think, will admit of no dispute.—But though fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of her name, I hope you would not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reasons to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be impos'd upon, fir.

Col. Nor I be bully'd, fir.

Fel. Bully'd! 'Sdeath! such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? [*Draws.*]

Gib. [*Draws.*] Say na mair, mon. O' my soul, here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, fir, Gibby stonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

Fred. By St. Anthony you sha'n't fight [*Interposes.*] on bare suspicion: be certain of the injury, and then——

Fel. That I will this moment; and then, fir—I hope you are to be found——

Col. Whenever you please, fir. [*Exit Felix.*]

Gib. 'Sbleed, fir! there ne'er was a Scotsman yet that sham'd to show his face. [*Strutting about.*]

Fred. So quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconcil'd, and you have furnish'd him with fresh matter for falling out again; and I am certain, colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gib. Gin I be, fir, the mon that tald me leed, and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lick him as lang as I can haud a stick in my hond, now see ye.

Col. I am sorry for what I have said for the lady's sake: but who could divine that she was his mistress? Pr'ythee, who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grantees, nam'd Don Lopez de Pimentell, a very honest gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may, perhaps, be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child, he has a sister; but I think, thro' the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape, and, notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. Ha! how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. Last night! the very time! How went she?

Fred. Nobody can tell; they conjecture through the window.

Col. I'm transported! this must be the lady I caught. What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

Col. Oh! I am fir'd with this description——'tis the very she.—What's her name?

Fred. Isabella.—You are transported, colonel.

Col. I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmov'd?—Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the *Terriero de passa*, and wait my happiness: if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at *Violante's* in spite of her brother's jealousy. [*Aside.*] Dear Frederick! I beg your pardon; but I had forgot I waato meet a gentleman upon business at five: I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible!

Fred. Your humble servant, colonel. [*Exit.*

Col. Gibby, I have no business with you at present. [*Exit Colonel.*

Gib. That's weel.—Now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's hoose.—Gin he'll no gang of himself, I'll gar him gang by the lug, fir. Godswarbit! Gibby hates a leer. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to VIOLANTE'S Lodgings. Enter VIOLANTE and ISABELLA.

Isab. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isab. Only the force of resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter FLORA.

Vio. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Isab. My brother! which way shall I get out?—
Dispatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante.

[Exits into the closet.]

Vio. I will.

Enter FELIX, in a surly humour.

Felix, what brings you home so soon? did I not say to-morrow?

Fel. My passion chokes me; I cannot speak—
Oh, I shall burst! *[Aside. Throws himself into a chair.]*

Vio. Bless me! are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes—No—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey-day! what's the matter now? another jealous whim!

Fel. With what an air she carries it!—I sweat at her impudence. *[Aside.]*

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd choose

to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them.

[Here he affects to be careless of her.]

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you, no doubt; but were I in a better humour, I should not incommode you less: I am too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome—but when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I waive your merit, and consider what's due to myself.—And I must be free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principles of love.

Fel. *[Rising.]* And I must be so free to tell you, madam, that since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future; and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe.—I cannot brook the provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne—inolent! you abandon! you! whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my feet? implor'd my favour and forgiveness? did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear, yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! if my chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living you did not break

ACT V. A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

them long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing, on whom such usage could make no impression.

Isab. [*Peeping.*] A deuce take your quarrels! "she'll never think on me."

Fel. I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious had my inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have indeed forbid me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride.—Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me—and the brightest passage of your life is wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank. [*Walks about in a great pet.*]

Vio. Matchless arrogance! True, sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us no pain to lose.—As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you: there are men above your boasted rank who have confess'd their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my like is not the least glorious part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha! don't put yourself in a passion, madam; for, I assure you, after this day I shall give you no trouble.—You may meet your sparks

on the *Terriero de passa* at four in the morning, without the least regard to me—for, when I quit your chamber, the world sha'n't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleased with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave.—But what you mean by the *Terriero de passa* at four in the morning I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you.—You was not upon the *Terriero de passa* at four this morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I were, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, madam! and you might meet Colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house—and, upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber—without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town—nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a halfpenny apiece—they may without my leave.

Vio. Audacious! don't provoke me—don't: my reputation is not to be sported with [*Going up to him.*] at this rate—no, sir, it is not. [*Bursts into tears.*] Inhuman Felix!—Oh, Isabella! what a train of ills thou hast brought on me! [*Aside.*

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep—a woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. [*Aside.*] Oh, Violante—'Sdeath! what a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost not thou know such a person as Colonel Briton?

Pr'ythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the *Terrero de passa*?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!—but I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By Heaven, I have not seen the *Terrero de passa* this day.

Fel. Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street neither, *Violante*?

Vio. Yes; but he mistook me for another—or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions: this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, *Violante*?

Vio. I'll answer nothing—You was in haste to be gone just now; I should be very well pleas'd to be alone, sir. [*She sits down, and turns aside.*]

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your contemplation.—Stubborn to the last. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done!

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her, for something whispers to my soul, she is not guilty.—[*He pauses, then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.*]

Give me your hand at parting, however, *Violante*, won't you—[*He lays his hand upon her knee several times.*] won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. [*Half regarding him.*] Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, *Violante*,
Oh, my heart!

Vio. [*Smiling.*] I thought my chains were easily
broke. [*Lays her hand into his.*]

Fel. [*Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her
hand in a rapture.*] Too well thou knowest thy
strength.—Oh, my charming angel! my heart is all
thy own. Forgive my hasty passion—'tis the trans-
port of a love sincere. Oh, *Violante*, *Violante*!

Don PEDRO within.

Ped. Bid *Sancho* get a new wheel to my chariot
presently.

Vio. Bless me, my father returned! What shall
we do now, *Felix*? We are ruined past redemp-
tion.

Fel. No, no, no, my love, I can leap from the
closet window.

[*Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps to the
door, and bolts it within.*]

Isab. [*Peeping.*] "Say you so? But I shall pre-
"vent you."

Fel. Confusion! Somebody bolts the door within-
side. I'll see who you have concealed here, if I die
for't. Oh, *Violante*! hast thou again sacrificed me
to my rival. [*Draws.*]

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart,
let that suffice—Nay, sure you will not let my
father find you here—Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall—except you command

this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight.

[He struggles with her to come at the door.]

Vio. Hear me, Felix—Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful, you shall not enter here. Either you do love me or you do not: convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, you strive in vain: I will go in.

Vio. Thou shalt not go——

Enter Don PEDRO.

Ped. Hey-day! what's here to do? I will go in, and you shan't go in—and I will go in—Why, who are you, sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath, what shall I say now?

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? ha, sir?

Vio. Oh, sir, what miracle returned you home so soon? some angel 'twas that brought my father back to succour the distressed.—This ruffian, he—I cannot call him gentleman—has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

Fel. Ha! what the devil does she mean? *[Aside.]*

Vio. As I was at my devotion in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mixed with a woman's voice, which seemed to imply she was in danger——

Fel. I am confounded!

[Aside.]

Vio. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady veiled rushed in upon me; who, falling on her knees, begged my protection from a gentleman, who she said pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and locked her into this closet; but in the surprize having left open the door, this very person whom you see with his sword drawn ran in, protesting, if I did not give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. What in the name of goodness does she mean to do? hang me? [*Aside.*]

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did he must have entered—But he's in drink, I suppose; or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum.

[*Leering at Felix.*]

Ped. I'm amazed!

Fel. The devil never failed a woman at a pinch:—what a tale has she formed in a minute!—In drink, quotha! a good ha: I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Fie, Don Felix!—no sooner rid of one broil, but you are commencing another.—To assault a lady with a naked sword, derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. [*Counterfeits drunkenness.*] Who, I assault a lady—upon honour the lady assaulted me, sir, and would have seized this body politic, on the king's highway—Let her come out, and deny it if she can—Pray, sir, command the door to be opened; and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how—I have been drinking claret, and

Champaign, and Burgundy, and other French wines, sir, but I love my own country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, sir? Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee he sha'n't hurt her.

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature.— Now which way will she come off? [*Aside.*]

Vio. [*Unlocks the door.*] Come forth, madam; none shall dare to touch your veil—I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life.—I hope she understands me. [*Aside.*]

Enter ISABELLA veiled, and crosses the stage.

Isab. Excellent girl! [*Exit.*]

Fel. The devil!—a woman!—I'll see if she be really so. [*Aside.*]

Vio. [*To Felix.*] Get clear of my father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, where all mistakes shall be rectified. [*Exit with Isabella.*]

[*Don Felix offers to follow her.*]

Ped. [*Drawing his sword.*] Not a step, sir, till the lady is past your recovery; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir.—I'll keep Don Felix here till you see her safe out, Violante.—Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and a bottle together.

Fel. Damn your pipe, and damn your bottle!—I hate drinking and smoking, and how will you help yourself, old whiskers?

Ped. As to smoking or drinking you have your liberty; but you shall stay, sir.

Fel. But I won't stay—for I don't like your company; besides, I have the best reasons in the world for my not staying.

Ped. Ay, what's that?

Fel. Why I am going to be married, and so good bye.

Ped. To be married! it can't be. *Why, you are drunk, Felix.*

Fel. Drunk! ay, to be sure; you don't think I'd go to be married if I were sober—but drunk or sober, I am going to be married, for all that—and if you won't believe me, to convince you I'll shew you the contract, old gentleman.

Ped. Ay, do: come, let's see this contract, then.

Fel. Yes, Yes; I'll shew you the contract—I'll shew you the contract—Here, sir, here's the contract.

[Draws a pistol.

Ped. [Starting.] Well, well, I'm convinced—go, go—pray go and be married, sir.

Fel. Yes, yes; I'll go—I'll go and be married; but sha'n't we take a bottle first?

Ped. No, no—pray, dear sir, go and be married.

Fel. Very well, very well. [Going.] but I insist upon your taking one glass, though.

Ped. No, not now—some other time—consider the lady waits.

Fel. What a cross old fool! first he will, and then he won't; and then he will, and then he won't. [Exit.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell to wait on you, senior.

Ped. What the devil does he want? he is not going to be married too——Bring him up; he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose.

Enter Don LOPEZ.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to——this afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my lord; but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return.——What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

Lop. I am informed that my daughter is in your house.

Ped. That's more than I know, my lord; but here was your son, just now, as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk!—I never saw him in drink in my life.——Where is he, pray, sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married!—to whom?—I don't know that he courted any body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—but I'm sure he shewed me the contract.——Within, there!

Enter Servant.

Bid my daughter come hither; she'll tell you another story, my lord.

Serv. She's gone out in a chair, sir.

Ped. Out in a chair!—what do you mean, sir?

Serv. As I say, sir;—and Donna Isabella went in another just before her.

Lop. Isabella!

Serv. And Don Felix followed in another;—I overheard them all bid the chair go to the *Terriero de passa*.

Ped. Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think—within there. [Exit.

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily.—Call me an alguazil—I'll pursue them straight. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Changes to the Street before Don PEDRO's House. Enter LISSARDO.

Liss. I wish I could see Flora—methinks I have an hankering kindness after the slut—we must be reconciled.

Enter GIBBY.

Gib. Aw my sal, fir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha, brother! give me thy hand, boy.

Gib. No se fast, se ye me—Brether me ne brethers; I scorn a leer as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my sal, fir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha! For what? Sure you don't know what you say?

Gib. Troth de I, fir, as weel as yee de: there-fore come along, and make no mair words about it.

Liff. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

Gib. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, fir; and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye do me justice. [*Lisardo going.*] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang.

[*Lays hold of him, and knocks.*]

Liff. Ha! Don Pedro himself: I wish I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

Enter Don PEDRO.

Ped. How now? What makes you knock so loud?

Gib. Gin this be Den Pedro's house, fir, I wou'd speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justify or disprove what this chield told me this morn.

Liff. So, here will be a fine piece of work.

[*Aside.*]

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. By my sal, fir, Ise tell you aw the truth. —My master got a pratty lady upon the how de call't—*Passa*—here at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—and in truth I lodg'd her here; and meeting this ill-favoured thiefe, se ye me, I speered wha she was—and he tald me her

name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendoza's daughter.

Ped. Ha! my daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning! Death, hell, and furies! By Saint Anthony, I'm undone.

Gib. Wounds, fir! ye put yer faint intul bonny company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog you? "Ad-heart I shall be trick'd of my daughter and money too, that's worst of all."

Gib. You dog you! 'Sblead, fir! don't call names.—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? ha! [*Holds up his cane.*]

Liff. What shall I say, to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? [*Aside.*] I know your daughter, signior! Not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life.

Gib. [*Knocks him down with his fist.*] Deel ha my sal, far, gin ye get no your carich for that lie now.

Ped. What, ho! where are all my servants?

Enter Colonel, FELIX, ISABELLA, and VIOLANTE.

Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter.

"*Ser.* Here she comes, signior."

Col. Hey-day! what's here to do?

Gib. This is the loonlike tik, an lik your honour, that sent me heam with a lee this morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Ped. I am thunderstruck—and have no power to speak one word.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Liffardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

Liff. A pox take his fits!—Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not hanged yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds! to whom?

Col. Even to your humble servant, my lord. If you please to give us your blessing. [*Kneels.*]

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my lord.

Lop. And who are you, sir?

Col. An honest North-Briton by birth, and a colonel by commission, my lord.

Lop. An heretic! the devil!

[*Holding up his hands.*]

Ped. She has played you a slippery trick, indeed, my lord.—Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married—next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. [*To Violante.*]

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, sir: I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute—when my

thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has play'd you a slippery trick too, signior.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord; her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing, call'd law, shall make you do justice, sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that——my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law.

[*Exit.*

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERICK.

Fel. Frederick, welcome!—I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. To the right about, Frederick, with thy friend joy.

Fred. I do with all my soul—and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance.—Your suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, Felix?

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know that every man's happiness consists in choosing for himself.

Liff. After that rule I fix here. [*To Flora.*

Flo. That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

Liss. Choose, proud fool! I sha'n't ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, lass—will ye ge yer hond to poor Gibby?—"What say you," will you dance the reel of Bogie with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my lady, I take you at your word; and though our wooing has been short, I'll by her example love you dearly.

"[*Music plays.*

"*Fel.* Hark, I hear the music; somebody has done us the favour to call them in.

"[*A country-dance.*

"*Gib.* Wounds, this is bonny music!—How caw ye that thing that ye pinch by the craig, and tickle the weamb, and make it cry grum, grum?

"*Fred.* Oh! that's a guitar, Gibby."

Fel. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

*Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a proof, to their eternal shame,
That man has no advantage, but the name.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. PHILIPS.

CUSTOM, with all our modern laws combin'd,
Has given such power despotic to mankind,
That we have only so much virtue now
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow;
Thus, like mechanic work, we're us'd with scorn,
And wound up only for a present turn.
Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,
Affirming we've no souls, and can't be sav'd*;
But were the women all of my opinion,
We'd soon shake off this false, usurp'd dominion,
We'd make the tyrants own that we cou'd prove
As fit for other bus'ness as for love.
Lord! what prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from yielding a few months refrain!
How fondly would our dangling lovers dote!
What homage wou'd be paid to petticoat!
'T wou'd be a jest to see the change of fate;
How might we all of politics debate,
Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
And, what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.
I marry! Keep a Secret, says a beau,
And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
But faith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,
There's many a spruce young fellow in this place
Wou'd never more presume to shew his face.

* Alluding to an ironical pamphlet tending to prove that women had no souls.



*Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate ;
How many tip-top beaux have had the fate
T' enjoy from mamma's Secrets their estate ;
Who, if her early folly had been known,
Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.
But here the Wondrous Secret you discover,
A lady ventures for a friend—a lover.
Prodigious ! for my part, I frankly own,
I'ad spoil'd the Wonder, and the Woman shown.*



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